

16 STORY OF A CHAMPION LIAR.

A Unique Character Who Could Not Tell the Truth.

He was a Peer as well as a Professor of Pseudology, and His Lies Were Like the Truth—An Experience With Him in London—The Story Told by His Victim.

Stop right here, gentle reader, unless you want to be deceived. This story is the story of a liar. Although he has misled me, as this narrative will plainly set forth, and although his art of lying assumed, like Elkanah's, the most pleasing shape, and has almost, if not altogether, won me over from the side of truth, I have still some relics of honesty in my composition, and I urge you not to read further unless you are prepared to be taken in.

Business called me to London last Spring, and I was trying to hammer American methods into British forms and shapes. American ideas into phrases which would suit the British mind. No easy task, I assure you. In a country where a wagon is a van and Fall was never heard of; where the shopkeeper asks for breath when an American asks for Canton flannel, and thirteen traveled representatives of the house are really competitors in the subject, because the article is known there as "swans-down calico," where pie was never heard of and tartar alone fills the heating void in the American stomach—under such circumstances my task is not an easy one.

The Hebrews have a proverb, which, like many of the popular forms of expression, is a single thought. "When the tale of bricks is doubled Moses comes." So for every necessity there is a relief, and my Moses was at the door.

I was in an amiable mood when they passed me an envelope enclosing a note and a card. The card was thrown carelessly on the desk. Printed matter I rarely read, and the note was only meant for the ornamental columns of the newspaper. There alone it arrests attention. The note began:

"Dear Sir:—I beg to submit herewith a few original couplets." Down went the letter on the desk. It was the same old story. I thought: "Some scribbler has written all his scraps on the press, and who attempts to storm business men with his miserable work." "Tell him," I began testily—but before concluding the sentence I glanced at the card which lay before me. It read as follows:

Don't Believe Me, JOHN T. BLACK, Professor of Pseudology.

Something original about that surely, and what on earth was Pseudology? Rare Ben Jonson, fortunate man, who knew, as the lawyers say, "not his own knowledge," that Bacon was Shakespeare, or Shakespeare Bacon, attributed to that gentleman a knowledge of but little Greek. I can scarcely form an opinion as to the opinion of a man who did not recognize the Greek word "pseudos" as a lie.

But the reverse of the card told the whole story: PRESS NOTICES. Trust him not, he is fooling thee.—New York Mirror. He lies like truth.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat. —Boston Transcript. As an 18-carat liar he strikes the fiction. —Chicago News.

After once hearing him we lost all respect for Ananias.—Philadelphia Public Ledger. To a vivid imagination he joins a quiet contempt for facts which renders him unique among mankind.—San Francisco Call. Not content with lying all day in business he even lies in bed at night.—Detroit Free Press.

He differs from George Washington in this particular, that whereas George could not tell a lie, John T. finds it impossible to tell the truth.—Chicago Register. [Further proofs on personal application.] I always loved a frank man, and without estimating the danger I was in, or the warnings which his card contained, I stepped out of the private office and shook hands with him, and in a moment of good nature assented to the price which he asked for his couplets without giving them more than a casual glance.

The week had not passed before another note was handed to me inclosing more verses from the same hand, the note being signed "John T. Black, professor of pseudology." "N. B.—My title is not necessary for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

I was more busy than before, and as he called outside for me to reply I again authorized the bookkeeper to accept his terms, and his verses went into a drawer to keep company with their predecessors.

When a moment of leisure was reached the manuscript was taken from its retirement and examined. Every variety of form and metre was present. But my eye caught the couplet:

Ill fares that land, to hastening I'll a prey, Whence Sappho is unknown to-day. That seemed like common sense. A recognition of the many difficulties that beset the England of the present, in which, alas! not the least of them is the prevalence of the lie, was there. A little further on came these lines:

EUREKA! "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as others see us!" For, used on power, brass or duff, We see ourselves as they see us.

a corroboration of his frankness and honesty. We believed him. That week had not ended before the following note was handed in: "I have perpetrated another crime and enclose it, but shall get out of gunshot for half an hour until you have become reconciled to it. When I return at 10:15 I would like either \$10 or ten years, which ever you think the most suitable reward."

The inclosure was longer than the rest: "NOT A 'HEATHEN CHINER.'" With apologies to Bret Harte. While I was to remark, And my language is plain, That to take out a mark Or remove any stain, SAPPOLIO is quite peculiar, Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ann Jane was the name Of a servant we had, And good girls are scarce, Though her language was bad; For to see her over her head, Was a sight most affecting and sad.

She would tell day and night 'Twas this plucky Ann Jane, Just to keep the house quiet, Free from blanching or stain. And she tried all the soaps in creation; But, alas! it was labor in vain.

She went shopping one day At my express command, And returned home so gay I could not understand, But I smiled when I saw she'd a cake of SAPPOLIO clasped in her hand.

Then she tucked up her sleeves And caught up a small tub, As she murmured, "it grieves me, But they tell me this is the 'best cleanser.'" In response I said, "Aye, there's the rub."

On the oilcloth she staid, Which had been there for years, At the touch of Ann Jane Now at once disappeared. White from mantelpiece, tinware, and table, 'Twas spot, stain, and blotch she cleared!

Then I looked at Ann Jane, And she gazed upon me, And she said "it's fine, That in this you'll agree— I've been wasting my time and my labor By using SAPPOLIO, you see."

In the scene that ensued I did not take a hand, But the back of my hand, With the soaps which Ann Jane had been using, I've been washing my time and my labor By using SAPPOLIO, you see."

Now her copper and brass Shined as bright as the sun, And for her looking-glass Often dust had been done, Which the same is a pleasing reflection— And meant in more sense than one.

Which is why I remark, And my language is plain, That to take out a mark Or remove any stain, SAPPOLIO is quite peculiar, Which the same I shall always maintain.

Like the little boy who was offered the big red apple, I burst out crying and took it. "My friend the artist may call upon you with sketches. Don't break the window with him if he does. He thinks a lot of his pictures—but 't'is err is human."

Once more we expostulated. "Unless we used these productions to paper the office wall or to offer as prizes with every cake of our goods—a thing altogether us as a business method—we could see no outlet for the accumulating mass. We urged him to chain Pegasus, and he assured us with every evidence of good faith, that the very money which we were then paying him would be promptly invested in a cow which of the most approved Birmingham make.

For a week we breathed freely, and then the familiar handwriting told us: "My friend the artist may call upon you with sketches. Don't break the window with him if he does. He thinks a lot of his pictures—but 't'is err is human."

"He is a fool who makes a wedge of his fist. Yet such ridiculous things are done every day. For instance, of attempting to clean house without Sappolo."

"A holy habit cleanseth not a foul soul." "An amount of good manners, high birth or finished education will make dirty house-keeping endurable. All three say 'Use Sappolo.'"

"Things were to be done twice all would be wise." "I had a dirty house creates a strife Between the good man and his wife."

To secure peace use Sappolo. It is a solid cake of Scouring Soap. Try it. "He is a fool who makes a wedge of his fist. Yet such ridiculous things are done every day. For instance, of attempting to clean house without Sappolo."

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Though the grime may vex thee sore, Settling over wall and floor, You relief from toil may know If you use SAPPOLIO! Think of paint so clean and bright, By the floor as white as milk, By that heartstone smooth as silk, By the soap that keeps them so— Always use SAPPOLIO!

Both of these he assured me on his honor as a gentleman were purely original, and I paid for them on that representation. I am at home now, where I fondly supposed I was, and become thoroughly acquainted which I formed in London. Far from it. Every steamer which arrives brings proof that my persecutor still lives. I tried to keep a record of them as follows:

Aug. 10. By the "Umbria." A wealthy young man had a yacht, Disgraced with many a spout, Sappolo he tried, Immediately took out the hatch!

Aug. 17. By the "Etruria." Our girl 'er the housework would sigh, Till Sappolo I turned her to night; For she'd done work at nine, When she should have been at eight!

Aug. 24. Per "City of Rome." There's many a domestic imbrolio, To describe which I would need quite a foglio, Light or be presented!

Sept. 1. Via Steamer "Celtic." Maria's poor fingers would ache, When the housework in hand she would take, But her pains were always the same, Her labor quite easy but machel!

Sept. 8. Per North German Lloyd "Aster." We have heard of some marvelous soaps, Whose worth has exceeded our hopes; But they must be confined, That Sappolo is the best!

Sept. 15. Per "La Bourgoigne." For with grease spots it easily copes, The first rule of real success is to be original. Not strangely, queerly, original—but that every act and utterance shall spring from an honest intention, which is possible to achieve greatness by imitation. Real greatness often comes to men of humble birth and surroundings, whose hearts

are true and firm, while in times which try the souls of men the feeble and vacillating are swept aside like a plume. "Dirt in the house builds the highway to beggary." Be wise in time and use Sappolo. It is a solid cake of Scouring Soap. Try it in your next housecleaning.

"Well-bred, soon wed." Girls who use Sappolo are quickly married. Sappolo is a solid cake of Scouring Soap used for all cleaning purposes except the laundry. Try it.

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HOW TO BECOME GREAT.

Some Varied Opinions Upon a Subject of Real Interest.

Why Social, Political, Literary and Business Ambitions Enchain Men's Attention—Diligence, Perseverance and Genius May Be of Some Help, but It is Ingenious Advertising That Tells in the Long Run—Many Instances That Prove This True.

Every man who is worthy of that title desires public recognition. Socially he would be better known and respected. If he assumes to ignore what is generally known as "Sociality," he surely turns to some other kindred ambition. Politics may engross his attention, and if he would rise in that line he must, by personal address, by party services or by public speaking, win the esteem and good will not only of his own party but of the wider public. If as a student he buries himself in a library and works through lonely days and nights, still it is only in the hope of leaving some work "so writ as future ages shall not willingly let die." Socially, politically, in art or literature, yes, even in commerce, the desire for a wider publicity is inspiring and ennobling.

Ambition is a strong virtue until it steps beyond prudence or proper modesty. "By that sin fell the angels," and thousands of thoughtless mortals who try to rush in where the better angels fear to tread, destroy all hopes of public approval. Their rudeness ruins them socially. Their eagerness for office defeats their political aspirations. Their ambition for rapid recognition clouds their literary efforts. Their "penny dips" are blown out before they have reached the shore. In business little fools ape the actions of successful men until whole hordes are following Wansmaker's adventures in imitating the Elbing Sun stove polish or copying the plans of really successful houses. The public measures them quickly—they are asses cloaked in lion's skin.

The first rule of real success is to be original. Not strangely, queerly, original—but that every act and utterance shall spring from an honest intention, which is possible to achieve greatness by imitation. Real greatness often comes to men of humble birth and surroundings, whose hearts

are true and firm, while in times which try the souls of men the feeble and vacillating are swept aside like a plume. "Dirt in the house builds the highway to beggary." Be wise in time and use Sappolo. It is a solid cake of Scouring Soap. Try it in your next housecleaning.

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A NOVEL INVESTMENT.

STRANGE COMMERCIAL FAITH.

How Bread Cast Upon the Waters of Trade Comes Back After Many Days—Earnings Investments in Modern Business Methods. "What's in a Name?" Trade Marks and Their Defense.

If our forefathers could look down on modern business methods they would at the first glance conclude that modern merchants were as mad as March hares. "After they had become thoroughly acquainted with the magnificent systems which are used by our great railroad corporations and mammoth trusts they would conclude that the age was an age of magicians and not of fools. The machinery of business has kept pace with the improved machinery of our mills. Indeed, the merchant of to-day avails of no little machinery in the conduct of his everyday office work. Patented systems of copying, duplicating, wonderful letter files, and hundreds of neat aids to office work have multiplied very fast during the past few years and within the next month, the graphophone has gone into active use in business offices, so that the merchant can dictate all his correspondence to a machine which records it on a wax-coated cylinder, from which, at a later hour, the typewriter can reproduce it for the mail.

The marvelous developments of modern business show more strongly in the matter of advertising than in most other branches. Vast sums of money are apparently thrown away in this direction. When a great commercial house spends two hundred thousand dollars during a single year in newspaper advertising, there is nothing in the inventory at the close of the year which will represent the outlay. Newspapers have been printed, distributed, read and again reduced to pulp in the paper mill, while the merchant's good money has been paid to the publisher. Tradesmen, even of the present generation, hardly comprehend it. Thousands shake their heads, and invest their own money in bricks and mortar, feeling assured that they can depend on possessions which they see rather than invest their money in building up something which to them seems visionary.

A true philosopher of the olden time put over his door the legend: "Things invisible deceive not." The bankers and builders of his day sneered at him as they counted their

gold and reared their solid buildings. But he had Scripture for his warrant and modern advertisers are the direct followers of his philosophy. He labored to show men that gold might be stolen, buildings might burn, substantial possessions turn to dust and disappointment, while skill, education and character, though invisible, could not be stolen or destroyed. The modern advertiser goes much further and proves conclusively that a mere name may be worth a million if it is well known and well respected.

"What's in a name?" finds forcible answer in the columns of our daily papers. The drowsy schoolboy who puzzled his companions by darning them to spell housecleaning in seven letters and then solved it by spelling Sappolo must have recognized the intimate connection between these two ideas which has been built up by a vast expenditure of money. The five letters, P-e-a-s-o, though valueless singly, are worth hundreds of thousands of dollars when used in connection with soap. The printed matter, painted signs and countless devices to make the name popular save away annually, almost as fast as they are paid for; but properly managed the trade name accumulates and carries forward the value as a permanent investment. An article of real worth, clearly named and widely known to the public, is sure of a brilliant success. Sappolo affords abundant evidence of this. Its great usefulness, its distinct but descriptive name and its almost universal use, has resulted in a great success to its manufacturer, and assistance to the housekeepers of the world. Such an investment as the trade-name Sappolo needs no fire insurance, and can not be covered by the laws of the State, but before a year recognizes more forcibly than any other trade name the matter of hard work. The manufacturers of Sappolo have successfully overthrown competition, and are now pushing their product into every corner of the globe. It is a name which is clearly equitable. It promises to add another link to the laws which assist in the defense of trade-marks and trade-names.

An attempt to imitate is always despicable, except when monkeys or stage mimics are thereby enabled to amuse an audience. Yet, although the history of trade marks shows no instance of a really successful imitation, still hundreds attempt it every year. In the office of the Sappolo manufacturers there is a Chamber of Horrors where the proprietors keep samples of the many cakes of imitation studs which have been faithfully put forward only to meet with prompt fail-

CRISP FORMS OF THOUGHT.

Solomon and Tupper Twisted to Suit a Modern Trade.

The Wisdom of the Sages and the Wit of the Muses—Even the Work of the Millwrights, Are Grist in the Mill—They Are Pounded Upon by Authors and Advertisers.

Whether Solomon invented all his proverbs or gathered them from many sources with a nice sense of permanent worth than Mr. Tupper exercised in his latter compendium is and ever will be an open question. Solomon's copyright ran out long before Tupper's time, and both are now posessed upon with impunity by all classes, from authors to advertisers. But, taken by themselves, proverbs well repay careful study. Students of ethnology find in the proverbs of different races the clearest proofs of their real characteristics; for they are the shrewdest and yet most intimate expressions of their daily life.

Judged by the comparison of these homely sayings, it will be found that all nations are of one kindred; possessing common needs, common aspirations, and seeking similar relief from their ills. The dusts and shavings of our libraries may be found collections of all the proverbs of the different nations, quite a large proportion of the work having resulted from the interest which missionaries have carried to the most distant studies of the uncivilized peoples whom they seek to instruct. "That the shrewd sayings of the Scotch or the bright hints of the Irish are not a mere collection of the most little cause for surprise; but a collection of Aryan proverbs, of those of the Tamil language, of Icelandic lore, of the Sanskrit, and of the Chinese, are beyond question. Solomons excite curiosity. The missionaries have found it a pleasant as well as a profitable task. It delves deep into the mind of the native, and by its accuracy the mental industry of the people, and by introducing the foreigner to the inner thought of both home and abroad, shows him the real life of the nations who adopt them as everyday expressions.

It is impossible to read the well-collected proverbs of the Chinese without realizing that a home life exists in that flowery idiom which rivals that of any civilized country. No Solomon, no descendant of Abraham could eclipse the trade proverbs of the Chinese. They touch on trade with a keenness and thoroughness which proves them to be masters in the school. The baser life of the Hottentot, the loose morals of the fellow, the independent and free life of the Briton, are all crystallized in their national proverbs.

In England and many other countries it was formerly very usual for a tradesman to select some proverb as his motto, and thus post his principles plainly over his shop door. It remained, however, for an American house to appropriate the proverbs of the world on mass and, by the use of white proverbs which proclaim the merits of Sappolo to the world. Every omnibus in London and almost every "tram car" in England is similarly adorned.

They made their first appearance on the Broadway omnibuses in New York, were gathered out of over 4,000 pages of the world's collections and twisted to suit the occasion. Their popularity is only reached because they have passed muster as being clear to every mind. They tell their story with a directness and brevity which pleases the public, as many of the dictionary definitions express a simile whose Sappolonic artist pictures the patient father and the impatient twins deifying the proverb!

But the mother will be back sooner if she for the advice. "Our family record," but she calls the kettle black" takes a new interest in its Italian form. The pot says to the pan, "Keep off or you'll smutch me." The universal toil of the world is the mill, and in the Catalan phrase, "Where wilt thou go, Or, that thou wilt not plow?" Almost all nations possess a proverb which declares that "if you forget to do a thing, the good will of the public the advertiser of Sappolo puts it in this form:

"Forbid a fool a thing and that he will do so we see for variety: 'Don't use Sappolo—but then you are not a fool.'"

"A touch of nature which makes all the world akin" springs out of the quaintest of sayings. "Who can hear it once and ever see a needle without recalling it? Who fails to recognize the picture it suggests in one who has given the name of the needle in the best which is everywhere gained by the humblest of assistants.

Slang never can be confounded with proverbial phrases. "Our family record," but she calls the kettle black" takes a new interest in its Italian form. The pot says to the pan, "Keep off or you'll smutch me." The universal toil of the world is the mill, and in the Catalan phrase, "Where wilt thou go, Or, that thou wilt not plow?" Almost all nations possess a proverb which declares that "if you forget to do a thing, the good will of the public the advertiser of Sappolo puts it in this form:

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"Forbid a fool a thing and that he will do so we see for variety: 'Don't use Sappolo—but then you are not a fool.'"

"A touch of nature which makes all the world akin" springs out of the quaintest of sayings. "Who can hear it once and ever see a needle without recalling it? Who fails to recognize the picture it suggests in one who has given the name of the needle in the best which is everywhere gained by the humblest of assistants.

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